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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1902. NUMBER 24

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL SKETCHING CLASS

Mrs. Hannah Johnson Carter's tentative announcement of a class from August 18th to August 29th is hereby made positive and definite. Mrs. Carter, Director of the School of Elementary Art Instruction, Chicago, will be on the ground on the above dates and the class will be organized. Those wishing to join are requested to correspond either with Mrs. Carter, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, or Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wis.

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AN

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1902. NUMBER 24

We are sorry to learn that the *Evangelist,* which represented not only the progressive phases of Presbyterianism but the editorial and business capacity of a woman editor, Mrs. Louise Houghton, has been disposed of to the editor and proprietor of the *Christian Work* and is to be consolidated with that journal.

The discussion concerning the Bible and its relation to education, started by the National Educational Society at its recent meeting in Indianapolis, must not be understood. The neglect of the Bible as a book of history and of literature is chargeable not to the growth of interest in science or literature but to the excess of dogma that has obscured the Bible. It is only the higher criticism that can restore the Bible to its place of honor in the world's literature.

It is said that the woman who contributed the prize essay on the problem of household help to the Twentieth Century Club of Kalamazoo, Michigan, was one who has been a "hired girl" for the last twenty years. This item is published as though it were a matter of surprise. Who else should write the prize essay on such a topic? Certainly not the woman who for twenty years has nursed her helplessness by complaining of the shortcomings of hired girls and advertising the humiliations and crudities in her own kitchen.

The London Times, according to the *Literary Digest,* is disturbed over the American raids on rare English books, specifically the recent capture of seven hundred volumes once owned by William Morris, every one of which being of highest interest and value. We are sorry to rob our English brethren of these treasures, but William Morris comes to his own when he comes to America, and we hope that this kind of robbery will in the long run add to the wealth of the robbed as well as of the robber.

It is said that the five hundred thousand dollars necessary to the reconstruction of the Campanile that recently fell in the Venetian square, is speedily forthcoming from all parts of the earth. This is a sign of fraternity, an indication of promise worthy the age of John Ruskin and William Morris. It is the vindication of Browning's stalwart faith that art has nothing to fear from democracy; that liberty is allied to beauty. Cosmopolitanism is no rude iconoclast but a conservator of the sanctities. Let the Campanille of St. Marks be rebuilt; not only because it is a thing of beauty to be a joy forever, but because the rebuilded tower will be a link binding old and new, uniting the nations, and annihilating so far the dogmatic chasms between Protestant and Catholic, Italian and English, European and American, Christian and Pagan.

That was a characteristic insight of Colonel Parker, the great school teacher, that demanded a report from the parent to the teacher in lieu of the formal monthly report of the teacher to the parent, which he deemed vicious in its influence. He said to a complaining father: "You must report to me how your boy is getting along. If from month to month he is a better boy in the home, making home brighter and happier for his being in school, the school is a success. If you see no difference at home, our work here is a failure." How many parents are willing honestly to apply this test to the education of their children? How persistently they crowd the child to the school when all the home evidences go to prove that the child is neither growing in grace nor in wisdom, that he is wanting in alertness and inquisitiveness, deficient in enthusiasm and disinterestedness, spiritually missing that thirst for perfection which alone leads to noble manhood and womanhood. The apathetic, uninquisitive and spiritually stolid child has been seriously injured either in school or at home, and the least that a parent can do is to cease to persist in the worse than unprofitable business. The soul of the child ought not to be sacrificed for a diploma, and the education of the boy and girl that breeds indulgence aand selfishness, even though it makes for competency, is a doubtful blessing. Let the parents report on the progress of their children. What do you send your children to school for, any way?

The Scientific American for August 2 has an editorial on the "Scarcity of Horses in America." It would seem from this article that, notwithstanding the great release of the horse from street car drudgery by the trolley and the rival of the horse on the boulevards in the way of the automobile, there is still an increasing demand for fine horses in America. Many thousands of horses were withdrawn from America—to America's disgrace, we think—to serve the British army in South Africa; growing prosperity and growing humanity retires from use thousands of incompetent, diseased and aged horses that in times gone would have been continued in service. All this gives to the horse not only a growing importance, but secures for him an ever enlarging place in the amenities and humanities of life. When the sensation, the costliness and the style which go with a novelty is past, the automobile, we suspect, will be gradually transferred from the boulevards to the back streets where the heavy wholesale houses must needs mobilize ponderous freights. The horse relieved from the heavy draying of commerce will still be the nimble companion and faithful servant of men, women and children, fitting into the needs of their lives of leisure, a sanitary element in their physical, social, scientific and spiritual development.

No English writer dead or alive is more sure of an enlarging constituency in the future than John Ruskin, brave, tender, patient, suffering, prophetic Ruskin. It is cheerful news that announces the removal, at no distant date, of one serious obstacle to the better understanding of John Ruskin—viz., the absence of a good working edition of his works. "A uniform and absolutely complete" edition is promised in thirty volumes soon to be brought out under the editorship of E. T. Cook, one of the Ruskin pupils who has done so much already to compel a reluctant people to understand and appreciate John Ruskin. His "Some Aspects of the Work and Teaching of John Ruskin" is perhaps the best introduction to the master's writing. What about the authorized American edition promised last year, under the editorship of Charles Eliot Norton, one of Ruskin's literary executors? By all means let us have a working edition of Ruskin with adequate indices. But one edition is better than two. Why not an Anglo-American edition?

"The Philosopher" is the "little monthly" that reflects the spirit of the Green Pine Tree Print Shop, Wausau, Wis. It is largely the product of the brain of William Ellis, who would be the ruling spirit of this log cabin shop were not the hand and brain of Mr. and Mrs. Van Vechten so necessary to hold the shop steady and to keep it at its work. The June and July numbers of *The Philosopher* are before us, both of which carry with them the flavor of a personality which is always the indescribable and priceless element in literature. In the June number there is an appreciative word of the much appreciated Persian bard, Omar Khayyam. We are told that in less than a decade more than one hundred editions of Fitzgerald's versions have been published in America, and perhaps as many more giving the text of other translators. In "Joy in Work" Louisa Underwood expounds in a simple way not only the philosophy of the new education but the philosophy of the new industry—the industry that is not the drudgery of the incompetent and less fortunate, but is the delight of the favored and the enthusiasm of the competent. In the July number Mr. Ellis has an appreciative interpretation of the proposed Lincoln Centre in Chicago, the most sympathetic and intelligent statement of the ideal as it haunts the minds of those who are trying to shape it. Like all ideals, it eludes statement, and of course merits the incarnations, which must ever be imperfectly realized. Mr. Ellis says of it:

"The activities of Lincoln Centre will be directed wholly toward a higher life in the social relations. The dignity of toil will be emphasized, but the joy of work will be taught. The development of the head and the heart and the hand will go forward in unison, that full-rounded men and women may come out to take their places in the world. It is for all—the only limitation upon its use being the use of it. All that Lincoln Centre will ask is, if you are hungry, then you will be fed. It makes no difference what creed or no creed, what race or color, what previous condition of moral or intellectual servitude. It is a triumph of real democracy, a structure of genuine aristocracy. It is not a prayer in brick and stone—it is the brick and stone answer to the prayer of lives of zeal and effort."

John Brown of Kansas.

Not John Brown of Ossawatomie, but John S. Brown of Lawrence, who to the heroic characteristics of the former adds the benign qualities of discipleship that belonged to John.

The long-arm editing to which UNITY is subjected in these summer months and the attendant delay of letters and the persistent absence of papers is our apology for this belated notice of the going hither of this venerable, devoted and loving friend, who went hither on the 15th ult., after a life of benignity reaching through ninety-six years of turbulent times, outliving his venerable co-workers and teachers,—Dr. Furness and James Martineau,—four years and one year respectively.

Mr. Brown left his New England home, carrying with him his collegiate culture, in 1857. He brought hither the inspirations of liberty; he went to save "bleeding Kansas." He had already made for himself a record that would make noble a less ambitious life. As student, graduate, teacher, missionary and pastor, he had already made a loving constituency. Once in Kansas he applied himself to whatever high task was nearest at hand. Pastor of the Unitarian church in Lawrence, superintendent of schools of his county and city, founder of an agricultural journal, leader in political movements, a planter of trees and maker of gardens, guardian of orphans and administrator of the estates of the dead, lecturer, and in his later years the tireless pastor of a large post office parish. All these enter into the story of the life of this gentle stalwart who was always on the Kansas border in the spiritual republic. He was Unitarian when that stood for a despised and misunderstood gospel; he was something more—a free religionist, a supporter of the Congress of Religion, whenever Unitarianism was interpreted in terms of sectarianism and stood for complacent conservatism.

Mr. Brown was not only a reader but a supporter and a distributor of UNITY through its career which covers nearly a quarter of a century. Almost to the end his words of cheer and his order for extra copies when anything appeared in our columns that was worth while, kept coming, in that clear, beautiful hand that proved the youthfulness of the spirit and the responsiveness of the body that would have been frail had it not contained the most elastic and enduring of spirit.

At this late date we extend to his dear ones and our dear friends the sympathy of a brother, and exclaim "Farewell!" and "Hail!" to the man who demonstrated that strength and kindness can go hand in hand. Fitting were the words sung at his open grave.

"Having died feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive."

THE PULPIT.

The Divine Charity.

A Sermon by the Rev. Joseph F. Newton, delivered July 22, at the Universalist Church, Dixon, Ill. Reprinted from the Dixon Sun.

At the Universalist church last evening Rev. Joseph F. Newton spoke on "The Divine Charity," *1 Cor. xiii. 1-13.* In part he said:

It is indeed strange, this sublime poem was born amid scenes of bitter strife and contention. When the members of the church were quarreling about spiritual gifts, the poet-preacher reminded them of one gift without which all other graces are useless, and with which there can be neither envy nor anger. In lines of fadeless beauty the apostle sang of the primacy and sublimity of charity, and his words are like a sweet scented manuscript, which, though we have read it a hundred times, throws a fresh gust of perfume in our faces every time we open it anew.

One of the perversities of human nature is that which magnifies non-essentials and overlooks essential truths. Men are surprised to find that the basic ideas are so simple, and it has always been less difficult to argue about complex creeds than to do a plain duty. It was so in days of old, and thus it will be until the dusk of time. We read this psalm with a feeling akin to that experienced "by some watcher of the sky when a new star swims into its ken." It recalls us from the endless debate about creeds and forms to the vital essence of religion.

In this poem we witness the coronation of charity. All art and eloquence, all prophecy and philosophy, all faith and philanthropy, pass in review and pay homage to the one crowned truth in the universe. It is a most impressive scene. Charity is enthroned as the one thing without which life is worthless and meaningless. Nothing, not even the fiery death of the martyr, can take its place. One may have a creed that is a gem of logic, but if he have not charity his theology is an empty sound. All faiths and forms are worthless save in so far as they may tend to make men pure in heart and kind in disposition. As Robert Burns sang in notes almost divine,

> "But deep this truth impressed my mind,
> Through all his works abroad;
> The heart benevolent and kind,
> The most resembles God."

Our poet does not define this divine charity, but he does describe some of its characteristics. It is long suffering and kind. In a small town where everybody turns out to "see the keers come in," a big bully, well filled with booze, was making himself obnoxious, and the village constable tried to quiet him. But the offender drew his pistol and began shooting at the officer. The constable threw his hand to his hip, but instead of using his own weapon sprang forward and disarmed the hoodlum, and sent him home. A friend remarked that he had taken unnecessary chances. "Well," he said slowly, "I kum purty nigh doin' it. But I jes' thought as how t'want Jim a shootin', but his jag, an' then I seemed ter see his kids a hangin' on the gate a waitin' fer him to cum home, an' his wife a worryin' about him, an' I jis' couldn't do it. I took chances fer them." A charity that will brave death rather than wring the heart of helpless woman and cloud the sunny face of childhood, is divine.

True charity is much more than almsgiving. Much of what we call charity is the emptiest sham. When we send our out-of-date finery to the relief committee, or permit a tramp to fill a long-felt want with food which even the pug dog would disdain, we must not dignify the performance by calling it charity, and expect the recording angel to wipe tears of joy from his eyes with his wing-feathers and devote a page to our excessive goodness. Charity is the sense of the kinship of all breathing things. It is toleration, it is humanity, it is kindness, it is the spirit of God entempled in man; it is the philosophy of the golden rule put into practice.

As we read on, we begin to comprehend the nature of charity. If in adversity it suffers with us, in prosperity it rejoices with us. Envy is the acid of life, a covetous anger at the success of others, and is born of unadulterated selfishness. But in the vocabulary of charity envy is unknown. Nor does it seek to excite envy in others by vaunting itself in strutting pride. To kindness it adds the virtue of courtesy, and does not mistake rudeness for candor. Only a little man can find joy in flaunting his success in the face of his less fortunate fellowmen.

If we ask why charity is free from envy and pride and harshness, the answer is found in the fact that she "seeketh not her own will." All the friction of life is the result of selfishness. Charity "thinketh no evil," is "not easily provoked," because it is beautifully unselfish. An egotist is quickly offended, and has little regard for the feelings of others; he is in love with himself and can not see how funny he is. All the world loves a lover, except when he loves himself. The divine charity "beareth all things and believeth all things." Of course, the cynic laughs at this trusting love as an amiable weakness; but it is this trusting love that makes men what they are trusted to be—so realizing itself. It is often disappointed and cries out with a broken heart, but it endures all things and still believes and hopes for the best. It covers a multitude of sins and asks us to rise up to the ideal with which it has crowned us.

What we need is a larger love, a profounder charity, a more sympathetic service among men. All of us, including the tattler who scrapes up the scum of gossip and peddles it, need to be baptized with the holy spirit of charity. The ugly rumors that go slopping along the street, getting dirtier as they go, and soiling everyone they touch, can give no excuse for their existence. Mud is a good thing, but it was not made to sling at our neighbors. What a bright world this would be if men dealt as kindly with the living as they do with the dead. We must let charity help us to put ourselves in place of those whom we criticise and condemn. Our sense of justice should prompt us to do this, no less than our human sympathy.

"How can we hate those whom we know?" asked the sweet-spirited Charles Lamb. This is another way of saying that "to know all is to forgive all." Our unkind judgments are founded, for the most part, on imperfect knowledge, and are therefore hasty and unjust. The sad part of it is that we find it easier to condemn than to investigate the facts. But there is a deeper reason for the remark just quoted. As is well known, Lamb was a quaint humorist, and a sweet and gracious charity is the very essence of humor. Wit is often unkind, but humor is wit melted by sympathy. All the great humorists have been men of large charity. It is a blessing to be able to detect the funny side of the faults of men and follies of women, and to laugh them away. We ought to be willing to forgive them because they furnish us so much amusement.

Of all the enemies of charity prejudice is the most unlovely. It is easier to give a dollar to a beggar than to forgive a man who rides his logic over our pet ideas. The church has contributed millions to feed the hungry, but it has never forgiven Tom Paine because he dared to doubt its dogmas. This is not saying that liberals have a monopoly on charity. For colossal bigotry the average "free-thinker" is unsurpassed among all the dogmatists; of all comedies he

is the most absurd. It is good to know that the spirit of charity is becoming more widely diffused. Only a little while ago Cotton Mather said of a rival clergyman, that he was a "mixture of ape and fool, a villain who should be hanged to the first tree we could find." And yet we are told that the world is not advancing. Let us remember that, however orthodox or liberal our theology may be, if we have not charity we are nothing.

This flower we call charity grows in unexpected places. On a red field of the civil war a union sergeant and a rebel soldier boy lay near each other under the blistering sun, while above their prostrate forms swept the mad hell of battle. Both were racked with fever and parched with thirst—that burning thirst which made even great Caesar cry like a child. The sergeant found his canteen almost empty, just a few spoonfuls left, and as he lifted it to his parched lips his neighbor begged to share it. He glanced at the gray uniform and hesitated, but his enemy was a beardless boy and in his breast there stood a broken bayonet. Amid the plunging shot and shell he crawled over to the lad and said: "'Taint much, Johnny, an' I'm dry as a mackerel, but I'll whack up." And he divided the precious drops with rigid equality and gave the boy his portion. Again he lifted the canteen to his own lips, but again he hesitated. The field swam before his eyes, the thunder of the great guns was muffled into a dull thud, the Angel of Mystery had set the seal of death on his bronzed brow. "Here, Johnny take the rest of it; I kinder guess I won't miss it long." The flower is divine even when it lifts its sweet face on the dark field of war.

Our poet is careful to tell us that charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." The camps of good and evil, right and wrong, are still drawn up in battle array. In this state of affairs, charity does not mean that we are to become members of the "heaven and hell amalgamation society." and refuse to rebuke evil and error. We recall that it was the Man of Galilee who pronounced the most scathing invective in the literature of the world. Nor does charity signify that we are to have orbitless minds, and a laxity of thought that lets error be as good as truth. The indifference that concludes that all ideas are about equally true and equally false is not charity, it is unthinking stupidity. Charity rejoices in the truth wherever it may be found, and grieves when men go away into error, into the bottomless bogs of fanaticism, but it extends tolerance and sympathy to all men, regardless of their frailties and absurdities.

The impermanence of things oppresses all thinking men. All things change and are everchanging. Friends part, but they are not the same when they meet again. Our little systems have their day and cease to be; and if there be prophecies, they pass away and are forgotten. The science of one age is the foolishness of the next. The generations pass across the stage of life in endless succession. We change in our lives and fortunes, in our hopes and ambitions. Childhood fades like a vision and gives place to the hard realities of life, while old age comes creeping on like the evening shadow.

> "In sorrow we learn the truth—
> One may go back to the place of his birth—
> He can never go back to his youth."

One cannot think of these everchanging experiences without being strangely sad. The heart cries out for the changeless amid the everchanging, for something eternal behind the transient. If we listen to the words of our poet, as they come to us through the stillness of the ages, they will whisper to us of things that abide. "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." It may be that in the times that lie before us, the beams of faith and fact will blend in the bright radiance of truth, and the many-hued visions of hope will become realities. But there will never come a time in this life or in the unknown and mysterious eternity, when, if we meet a human soul pain-drawn and passion-driven, it will not be our duty to throw about it the mantle of divine charity.

In "John Ward, Preacher," the author tells of a poor drunkard who was the symbol of no-accountness in the community. This Tom Davis lived in the coils of that awful habit which has blighted so many noble men. No one cared for him but his wife, who found something in him to love, something his neighbors did not see. At last he lost his life trying to save a child from a burning building, and his charred body was laid away amid sighs and warnings from the minister. The preacher visited the wife to offer her consolation in her sorrow, but he could give her no hope as to the fate of her husband. "I ain't denyin' your religion," said the woman at the washtub, "I'm a member of the meetin', but if Tom Davis is lost, I jes' can't love God any longer. Tom's father died in a drunken fit, and his mother gave her baby liquor with a spoon; he was born, as you might say, drinken. He never had no schoolin', 'less it was his mamy lickin' him. He never had no chance, and if he goes to hell I jes' can't love God any longer."

And the heart of the woman was nearer the truth than the theology of the minister. In this universe every man will have a fair chance. If charity is the highest thing in man, it is the deepest thing in God. The Divine Charity never faileth, and his mercy endureth forever.

Chauncey M. Depew says: "When a man from fifty upward retires, as he says, for rest, his intellectual powers become turbid, his circulation sluggish, his stomach a burden. Bismarck, at seventy-five, ruling Germany; Thiers, at eighty, ruling France; Gladstone, at eighty-two, a power in Great Britain; Simon Cameron, at ninety, taking his first outing abroad and enjoying all the fatigues as well as the delights of a London season, illustrated the recuperative powers of hard work. Such men as these never ceased to exercise to the full extent of their abilities their faculties in their chosen lines."

To the above we might add Oliver Wendell Holmes at eighty-four, Neal Dow (as full of fight as ever) at ninety, our ex-Governor Boutwell at eighty-five, Joseph A. Willard, clerk of our Superior Court, in his eighty-sixth year; John W. McKim, our judge of probate, about eighty; Mary A. Livermore in her eighty-second year, Archbishop John J. Williams in his eighty-first year, and Pope Leo XIII. now in his ninety-third year.

In addition to the above we find on our table this morning an interesting article in the *Salem Evening Observer* of May 3, from the Rev. Samuel C. Beane, in which he describes his call upon three of his former Salem parishioners, Mrs. James Fairfield, in her ninety-first year; Mrs. Daniel C. Merriam, in her ninety-sixth year, and Miss Elizabeth Archer, in her one hundred and first year—all, he says, as animated and optimistic as though only one-half their present ages.

We believe that nothing helps more to promote long life than constant, pleasant occupation of the mind and a determination that you will live as long as you can.

Under the head of "The Power of Hope" our friends will find on page sixteen of our "Autobiographical Sketches" two cases in which life was greatly prolonged by "the power of hope."—*Geo. T. Angell.*

Manu and Moses.

What Moses is to the Hebrews Manu is to the Hindus. I would not go on canvassing as to their chronological or meritorious priority, which I leave at the mercy of subtle theologians to do. Suffice it to say both are most ancient and withal prominent of world's law-givers who have played any potent role in the human society. Moses is widely known throughout the globe, but Manu is less fortunate amongst the foreign nations. The reason is not far to seek. Moses is both a law-maker and a warrior, too; whereas his confrere is only a doter over ancient *Shastias,* or Scriptures.

Nevertheless Manu's laws will evermore remain a memento of good order and peaceful arrangement in Hindu society that have hitherto existed. It is strange, forsooth, there are many things in common betwixt the twain which can bind the Hebrews and the Hindus with a self-same sympathetic and ethnologic chord.

But such study, though interesting in itself, does not inspirit our countrymen to ply their energies owing to their racial exclusiveness.

Anon the query cometh, "Whence is it the Hindus are idolatrous and the Hebrews are strict minotheists?" The solution is in Manu himself, who holds Brahma to be incorporeal, eternal, formless and the soul of all souls; and he relates the Genesis thus: "Let there be water, and there was water, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," as in the Old Testament; but he did not enforce it with such emphasis as Moses did.

Had Manu enjoined, "Cursed be the man that maketh a graven or molten image, an abomination unto the Lord, the work of the hands of the craftsman, and setteth it up in secret," the future posterity would have been spared the anomalous state Hinduism is now hedged in. Nay, more; he passively tolerates it, inasmuch as he is of opinion that pure theism cannot percolate the uncultured brains. By the way, it is patent Moses' works belie him in the teeth. The former has made the Hindus the "peculiar and holy" people of Brahma, and the latter has made the Jews the "chosen" people of Jehovah.

The Brahmins Kshetryas, Vaysas are required to perform the investure ceremony before the age of "teens," wherein they are dubbed with sacred threads which make them "twice born," just as we have its counterpart in the circumcision of the Semitic people. The threads of Brahmins were at first made of the skins of black bullock, but now it is abrogated into cotton. The most ascetic and monastic life has been laid down for Brahmins, who should pass through four stages of life-long austere ordeal unwaveringly. Brahmins represent the religious life; Kshetryas the martial life; Vaysas the trade life; Sudras the servile life, who have no other function but to do menial service for them. A Brahmin must make burnt offerings twice and funeral oblations to ancestors once a day in his lot, and control his passions so effectually that when living in Preceptor's house he must not touch his wife's feet in way of obeisance. Besides there are sin offering, vow offering, peace offering, when fire is lighted and ghu (clarified butter), instead of fine flour and oil, is poured thereon. But western civilization has more or less worked marked changes in the national lives of the above four castes and altogether released the Sudras from life-long bondage.

Albeit we do not fall in with ascetic canons promulgated by Moses, we find traces of them in the old Jewish history. John the Baptist was subjected to a vow to observe certain abstinences in his infancy. The desert became his habitation, and he roamed about it like an Indian *yogi* absorbed in divine communion. Now, Josephus, when in his teens, practiced this austerity for three years and went to live in the desert with a hermit called Banus, "who used no other clothing than grew upon tree and had no other food than what grew of its own accord, and bathed himself in cold water frequently, both night and day, in order to preserve his chastity."

Again, when in his twenty-sixth year of age, Felix, the Roman procurator of Judea, had put into bonds and escorted some priests to Rome to plead their cause, who led an ascetic life and lived upon figs and nuts only. He took compassion upon them owing to their great piety and went straight thither to obtain their release.

Manu inculcated the Ten Commandments with various others with more minuteness and precision than Moses. Inter alia parents are made semi-gods and women are greatly slighted as beings created to ensnare mankind, and none should approach them with such bias that he is too literate to curb his lusts. Widows are doomed to their fate perpetually. Nor is this all. All worldly needs savoring of enjoyments are denied them.

There are eight forms of marriage prescribed by Manu, and in less detail by Narada and Jajnavalka, which are now obsolete.

The ceremony of the Brahma, of the Devas, of the Rishis, of the Projapatis, of the Asuras, of the Gandharvas, of the Rakhasas; the eighth, and basest, that of the Pisalhas. In the first five forms the bride is married with the consent of the paternal kinsmen, but the last three are the fruits of concupiscence.

The sensual connection of a youth and a damsel with mutual desire is named Gandharva. The seizure of a maiden by force is styled Rakhasas. When the lover secretly embraces the damsel, either sleeping or flushed with strong liquor, that sinful affiance is called Pisacha. The last two were intended mostly for aborigines whose notions of marriage are altogether lax—a trace of which is still found amongst the non-Aryan races of India. But the Rakhasa and Gandharva forms, although repugnant in itself, were widely rife amongst the warrior tribe—the Kshetrya.

Polyandry was also practiced at Manu's time, albeit not with his sanction—a custom which is passively observed even now amongst certain hill tribes.

At first the population was quite inadequate, and to make the deficiency the sage founder brooked intermarriages amongst them; but as it increased such marriages became scarce. On the other hand, Moses effectually deprecated all mixed matrimony to keep the Semitic blood intact, and especially to keep his religion unalloyed. As a result a hybrid population of numerous diverse sects have since sprung up between the different castes.

Besides, husband's brother may take his wife, as is licensed by Moses; but such alliances are now uncommon, unholy and immoral.

These are the beasts which may be taken in common: The sheep, the goat, the hart, the gazelle, the roebuck, the wild goat and the antelope.

Besides, every beast that parteth (whether cheweth cud or not) the hoof is an abomination to Hindus.

Whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters is reckoned as article of food by both.

These are the birds held prohibited in common: The eagle, the falcon, the kite, every raven after its kind, the hawk, the owl, the pelican, the vulture, the stork, the heron, after its kind, and the bat. And all creeping things are unclean.

Moreover, the barn-door fowl is an abomination to Hindus. Manu condemns meat eating morally, albeit not prescribes it effectually. But anything that dieth of itself or the blood of anything killed the Hindus and the Hebrews alike detest.

Only the unblemished sheep, goat, the kid and the young pigeons are offered at the altar of the Hindu

deity. Shooting is also tolerated by Manu—for useful purposes, but not for pleasure.

The carcass of human beings is profane and accursed of God, according to the Hebrew and Hindu idea, and must be buried or burned respectively without delay. They alike observe the ordinances of profanity and mourning for a limited period. A leper is equally an abomination in the sight of the Lord, who are excluded from all temple services.

What the Levites are to the Hebrews the Sudras are to the Hindus. The Sudras help the Brahmins in their subordinate character to do the temple service.

There is a harvest ceremony, when sacrificial fire ought to be lighted and the new boiled rice must be feasted upon by the Brahmins.

The first fruits of annual harvest of the Sudras are tithed to the Brahmins, but not with such precision and extortion as in the case of the Pharisees.

The law of inheritance by the Hindu sage is perfectly logical and rational, and the English rule after a century and a half could not detract its value a whit. The criminal law, as is wont in ancient times, is cruel and vindictive in both cases alike.

SARAH CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI.

Gologhat, India.

Responsibility.

This word means in the first place the ability to respond, to answer. But answer to whom? Here we touch the second and real meaning of the word. We are responsible, that is we have *to give answer to some one* for something that we are doing, or, it may be, for something another is doing.

I saw a little girl in one of our parks who was there with her two brothers, little boys, younger than she. These boys gave her a good deal of trouble. Though small, not over three and five years old, they had a will of their own. They would go close to the edge of the water, no matter what their anxious guard, the little maid, might say. The girl was not over eight years old. I asked her: "I suppose you are responsible for these two boys, are you?" She looked at me, not quite understanding, but guessing the meaning of my words, and then said: "Mamma wanted me to look after the boys, and I am so afraid she will scold me if they get into the water. They are so little, they may get drowned, and then," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "they would be so wet and dirty."

Here was a case of responsibility, I thought, and a very serious one. A child so young, with such a load upon her shoulders! I don't think she had much fun in the park that day, as she was kept constantly busy looking after her little brothers, but she did this so bravely, so conscientiously, without complaining or hard feeling, that she interested me greatly. I could not help admiring the spirit in which she acted. I said to myself: This little girl might serve as a model for young and old. What more can the best of us do? She feels her responsibility to her mother, but she feels something more. These little fellows are her brothers. She loves them. If they come to grief it will be her fault. That must not be. Her love for them won't tolerate that. It is a voice within her, the voice of something, of some power she does not understand, but to which she feels she must answer for the safety of those boys.

It is the voice of conscience, and it is to our own conscience we are all of us responsible. Whatever we do we cannot shirk this responsibility, and happy are they who have made it a habit always to obey the commands of this voice, always to feel this responsibility.

And truly, is there anything more important than to see to it that we all contract this habit? I do not say that we should merely *feel* our responsibility, for unless we have made it our *habit* to act accordingly almost any extraordinary or unforeseen event may cause us to forget it.

When we look at the world as it is, at the volume of business done, at the millions of people who move from place to place on our street car lines, railroads, steamboats; when we think of the many men who have charge of schools, factories, business houses, farms, ships, and maybe of navies and armies, a moment's reflection will be sufficient to make us realize how much depends on the feeling of responsibility and on the habit of acting in accordance with it that these men must have.

Here is a passenger train leaving Chicago for the east or west at a late hour. There are hundreds of people aboard, men, women and children. The train starts out into the gathering darkness, the engineer opens the throttle to have all the steam the boiler can produce for the most rapid movement, the engine rushes forward at a speed of fifty or sixty miles an hour, dragging with it all the precious freight behind. Every one is quiet and self-possssed; the passengers settle down for sleep and all the time the train goes rushing on, thundering over viaducts and bridges, flashing past the smaller stations, onward, onward through the dark night! What makes all these people so quiet and sure? They know that the engineer who has charge of the locomotive, the fireman who feeds the boiler, the conductors that have charge of the cars, the station masters on the road, the telegraph clerks that transmit the message of a coming train, nay, the guardmen and their attendants who patrol the road from way station to way station, that they all feel their responsibility, and that with them this feeling has become a habit, for none are employed for the more important work who have not been trained and accustomed to the work. How absolutely necessary it is that a deep sense of personal responsibility makes all these people act! Let any one only once forget his duty, how fearful may be the consequences!

And this happens from time to time. A man charged with closing a switch is forgetful. He thinks he has closed it, but the fact is otherwise. A passenger train goes through the switch and is met on the other side by a freight train. There is a collision. The two engines are smashed, the cars piled one on top of the other, many are injured, some killed, and now the cry comes that the cars have caught fire. Who will help the poor people inside? Some are burned to death, others so injured that they will bear the marks for life!

It is a terrible lesson! What was the probable cause of that man's irresponsible action? Was it drink? Very often this is the true answer. A person under the influence of alcohol in any of its forms is not fully responsible. Hence no one should be employed at such a business who is not perfectly sober. And yet near every railroad station we find saloons where liquor can be had. Where lies the responsibility?

War has been defined as organized murder. It is justly abhorred by all good men, but sometimes it is necessary. When an infatuated neighbor invades our country in order to spread desolation, commit rapine and murder and take a part of what is our territory to annex to his own, self-defense is a duty. In such a case everything depends on the feeling of responsibility of the officers and men. A coward is not only contemptible, but he is dangerous, because the post which he deserts may give a chance to the enemy to crowd in and endanger the safety of the rest. It is for this reason that an undisciplined army can accomplish little or nothing. A year or two of daily drill and discipline will change the useless volunteer into a fair soldier, with whom the sense of responsibility has grown into a habit.

Nowhere is the importance of responsibility more apparent than on the ocean. Reckless management of a great passenger steamer might involve the loss of the

ship and all on board. Hence only tried officers are employed, and some of these have had occasion to show by their deeds how deep-seated was with them the sense of their responsibility.

Our own coasts are comparatively safe for steamers coming from Europe, but there is great danger for steamers coming from German ports when they pass the Strait of Dover. Here the ocean triffic is great. Steamers come and go in all directions. Other places on the English coast in the south are dangerous on account of dense fogs. Some years ago a large steamer from Hamburg went down near the Scylly islands for this reason. Out of several cases that come to my mind as illustrating the lesson of responsibility I will mention one. One of the Hamburg or Bremen steamers was struck amidships by a British steamer coming from a French port not far from Dover. Some one had blundered. A marine court laid the blame on the British vessel. The injured steamer rapidly filled with water and it became necessary to use the greatest haste in order to save the people on board. There were many hundreds of them. The captain gave his orders quietly. The boats were lowered one after the other, without any confusion or disorder. When the last one was being let down the first mate came to the captain, crying: "The steamer is sinking! Jump for your life!"

"I know it is," answered the captain, but I cannot quit the ship until this boat has left it. I am responsible for the safety of these people." The mate said nothing further, but took the leap into the sea. A minute later the ship went down, carrying the captain with it.

The coast line of the United States is very extensive, and there are many places where the dangers of shipwreck are great. In order to meet these dangers and rescue as many people as possible the federal government has established a number of life-saving stations along the coast. When the signal is given that a ship is in distress the men of the station rush out, put their boat into the water and row for the place of danger. No matter how high the waves may go, nor how terrible the wind may blow, in the rude frost of winter or in the awful storms of spring, they never fail to be on hand. Many stories of heroism are told of them, but they all illustrate the same lesson. These men feel their responsibility. They are faithful in their duty.

But it is the character of every virtue that it can grow and develop in any—even the humblest—conditions of life. The necessity of knowing our responsibility appears in every-day life, in the market, store, place of business of any kind, but chiefly in the family. Every member of the family exercises upon every other an influence that is very great because it is so constant and continuous. The son unconsciously models after his father, the daughter after her mother. The parents who know this and who are ever mindful of the importance of their own deeds have in affecting the doings of their children will give the best proof of their unselfish love for their children. They will set an example which their children will imitate, and the lessons thus learned will abide with them as they grow up and become men and women. They will never be forgotten. Hence the immense, the unspeakable importance of family life either for good or for evil. How necessary then is it that this should be known and appreciated by all, so that every one who has a child to bring up may deeply feel his or her responsibility! There is nothing more solemn, nothing more venerable than this sentiment of responsibility when its existence is shown in the daily course of family life. But if this is true of the parents it is also true of the children. The more gifted a child is the greater is his or her responsibility in regard to the others. Every boy, every girl should understand that they exercise an influence one on the other, and all should clearly see that it is for the true happiness of all to do everything in their power to make that influence a blessing for the rest.

It is a mistake to believe that it is only the great and shining acts that deserve our admiration. To be faithful in the smallest affairs is honorable, and the most faithful are those who have this sentiment of responsibility. Life is made up of seconds and minutes, of little acts of kindness and courtesy, or else of acts of spite, hatred, malice, envy. But as surely as the beneficent influence of warmth and sunlight will call into being the beautiful flowers that adorn the garden, so surely will kindness, gentleness, true courtesy produce a return of the sweet graces of inward happiness and outward joy. Whoever knows this will watch himself in all he does, he will know that it will depend upon him to spread happiness and to be happy—and thus he will cultivate in himself the true sentiment of responsibility.—*Exchange.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XLIV.

How David Behaved Toward Saul.

I think we must almost have a feeling of pity for poor Saul at this time. When bad feelings get into a man's heart they spoil all the pleasures of life for him; they make it so that he cannot love others and others cannot love him. Saul could not help knowing that Jonathan must have been pained over what had taken place and could not any longer have the same feeling toward his father. What is more, Saul knew that the people loved David and that they might lose their love for himself, and he could not trust them any more. In this way he became suspicious of everybody.

At one time, for instance, when Saul was sitting under a tamarisk tree in Ramah with his spear in his hand, and all his servants were standing about him, he quite lost control of himself and showed his bad feelings, as he cried out: "Here, now, will the son of Jesse give every one of you fields and vineyards; will he make you captains of thousands and hundreds; have all you conspired against me, and there is none that discloseth to me when my son maketh a league with the son of Jesse; there are none of you that are sorry for me?"

But all this could do no good. It only made matters worse, because in this way Saul made the people dislike him, while he had to feel all the more ashamed of himself.

He made up his mind, however, once for all now, that he would find young David and kill him. Jonathan knew all about this, and so he came where David was hiding and said to him: "Fear not, for the hand of Saul my father shall not find thee; and thou shalt be king over Israel." Was not this brave and noble on the part of Jonathan? According to the custom, Jonathan as the son of Saul would have become king after Saul's death. But he felt that it would be better for Israel that David, his friend, should become king instead of himself; and so he told this frankly to his dear friend. And I am sure they must have loved each other more than ever.

But all the while Saul was trying to find David, who was hiding in the wood. And some men came and

told Saul where David was hidden, saying to him: "Now, therefore, O king, come down, according to all the desire of thy soul to come down: and our part shall be to deliver David up into the king's hand." And Saul answered: "Go, I pray you, make yet more sure and know and see this place where he hideth and who have seen him there. See, therefore, and take knowledge of all the lurking places where he hideth himself and come ye again to me and I will go with you. It shall come to pass if he be in the land that I will search him out among all the thousands of Judah."

But while Saul was pursuing David in this way, some messengers came to him, saying: "Haste thee and come, for the Philistines have made a raid up the land." So Saul returned from pursuing after David and went against the Philistines. And it came to pass when Saul had returned from following the Philistines that it was told him, saying: "Behold, David is in the Wilderness of Engedi." Then Saul took three thousand chosen men out of all Israel and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats; and he came to the sheep cotes by the way, where was a cave, and Saul went in to rest there.

Now David and his men were abiding in the innermost part of this very cave.

The chance had now come for David to take vengeance on Saul. All he had to do was to steal up quietly and kill him then and there. He knew that if he did this, the Israelites would at once come to his side and make him king. He had been persecuted for a long while now, and knew if it went on longer he would probably have to die. It seemed as if this was a rare chance for David to save himself and put Saul to death.

At once, therefore, his men said to him: "Now is the time; behold the day is at hand of which it has been told thee, when thine enemies shall fall into thy hands and thou shouldst do unto them as it seemed good unto thee."

What do you suppose David did at that time? Well, I will tell you, if you do not know already. He saw that his men wanted at once to seize the king and kill him. But David said: "No. This man has been made king by the Lord. Should I do this thing to put forth mine hand against him?" So David checked his men with these words and suffered them not to rise against Saul. But I will tell you what he did. He went and cut off a part of the robe that Saul wore. You will soon learn why this was done by David.

Before long, Saul awoke and went outside the cave, and lo and behold as he was standing there, who should walk out behind him and appear before his face but David! Think how this must have startled Saul. Then and there I suppose he might have struck David down. But as he looked at him, David only said: "My lord the king." And David bowed with his face to the earth. While Saul was standing there amazed at all this, David began to speak once more, saying: "Wherefore hearkenest thou to men's words, saying David seeketh thy hurt; behold this day thine eyes have seen thy life delivered into mine hands in the cave; and some bade me kill thee. But I spared thee, and I said I will not put forth my hand against my lord the king, for he was made king by the Lord. Moreover, my father, see the part of thy robe in my hand; for in that I cut off a part of thy robe and killed thee not; see that there is neither evil nor transgression in my hand, and I have not sinned against thee, though thou layest wait for me to seize me. The Lord judge between thee and me; but mine hand shall not be upon thee."

This was a brave way of acting, and alas! not the usual way in those days. It was such noble behavior on the part of David to return good for evil! I always like to think of this story and remember how David might have taken vengeance on his enemy, and yet refused to do so, seeking to show him that no evil was meant toward him, or retaliation, trying in this way to restore friendship between himself and the king. There he stood with the piece of robe of Saul in his hand, and Saul saw at once how his life had been spared by David.

How do you suppose Saul acted at this moment? You remember, as a young man, he had been good and true, with a noble heart and the best of feelings. He had changed because of his disobedience, and begun to have bad feelings such as he had not had in those days when he was a boy. Now the good feelings of his heart came back to him. And it came to pass when David had made an end of speaking those words, Saul said: "Is this thy voice, my son David?" And Saul lifted up his voice and wept, and he said to David: "Thou art more righteous than I; for thou hast rendered unto me good, whereas I have rendered unto thee evil; thou hast declared this day how thou hast dealt well with me in that thou killest me not. If a man finds his enemy, will he let his enemy go well away? But thou hast done this unto me this day, and now behold thou shalt surely be king over Israel."

It was the same, you see, as years before, when Saul stood first in the presence of David after the boy had killed Goliath. He had then felt somehow as if he was in the presence of a superior person, whom he had to admire and look up to in spite of himself, so that now at last he had to own outright that David was worthy to become king over Israel.

To the Teacher: This is one of the most inspiring stories in the Bible, as illustrating the spirit of returning good for evil. It will not do to say that such conduct would always have the same results. But it may be well to point out how it will sometimes work wonders in healing bad feelings or old-timed enmity between individuals. It would be wise to remind the children how Saul had been a wise, true man at one time; showing that good feelings may be revived in people, as in this case, if the right method has been employed. The language between David and Saul should be reviewed carefully and repeated over in the class.

Memory Verses: *Thou art more righteous than I; for thou hast rendered unto me good, whereas I have rendered unto thee evil.*

Did Not Belong to Him.

John Muir, the mountain-climber and naturalist, lives in one of the most beautiful parts of Contra Costa valley in California. A writer in Ainslee's Magazine, who had been sojourning with him, tells this story, illustrative of his fondness for birds and his wide humanity:

It was a fair picture of peace and plenty, under the soft, blue September sky. A stream ran close at hand, shaded by alders and sycamores and the sweet-scented wild willow. On the bank nearest us stood a solitary blue crane, surveying us fearlessly. A flock of quail made themselves heard in the underbrush, and low above the vineyards a shrike flew, uttering his sharp cry. Noting him, I said to Mr. Muir:

"So you don't kill even the butcher-birds?"

"Why, no," he said; "they are not my birds."—*Methodist Recorder.*

And then, somehow, it is better for a church to be dead and dark than to be dead with the gas lit, as most of them are.—*Franklin Wentworth.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

We have from Funk & Wagnalls Co. "The Gordian Knot, or the Problem Which Battles Infidelity," by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson. Mr. Pierson has quite a reputation as a defender of orthodox religion. Whatever is worth anything in this book is rendered worthless by being out of date, and the rest of it is rubbish *per se*. Who wants a man to demonstrate to him the existence of a God, especially after he has knocked him down as an infidel or a skeptic, and applied to him all the rest of the nicknames given to a man who thinks? This book, however, professes to be a very kindly affair; aiming to help "honest doubters"—it seems there are a few such in the great army of good-for-nothing, rascally skeptics. On the whole it is not probable that the inquiring world of scientists and other freethinkers will turn to Mr. Pierson for enlightenment. Here is a sample from the book: "Skepticism is a restless sea, on which any one who sails is tossed up and down, and driven to and fro in endless uncertainty. There is no solid ground on which to stand, until something true is found and believed. The theistic theory may not satisfy some men, but they cannot be content with a chaos of absurdities, a mere jumble of conflicting and contradictory notions in its place. It is scarcely sane to scout one theory for supposed lack of proof, only to accept other unproven theories instead. The folly of believing too much is not so great as the folly of believing too little." On and on the argument runs in this style. The author occasionally gets in sight of the real position of science and scientific thinking, but he is too lazy to master a single problem, or to comprehend the real spirit of investigation. He prefers to spend his time shooting dead blackbirds.

A capital little book is that published privately by Governor Frank W. Rollins of New Hampshire, and made up of his "Old Home Week Addresses." This is a glorious movement—that of gathering the strayed children of the old homesteads of the East, once a year, for the renewal of old friendship and the doubling of life's pleasures. The spirit is catching all over the eastern states.

A delightful volume comes from A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago. It is "Selections from the World's Greatest Short Stories," edited by Sherwin Cody. The stories contained in this volume are selected to illustrate the history of the art of short-story writing. There is no question but that we are producing in this country more first rate art in short stories than in long novels. The long novel just now is holding the inside track, because of a brazenry of advertisement the publishers can make more money from its sale. The study of short story writing is becoming a science, and is taken up by some of our universities. The author says: "Laws have been discovered which the short story writer must obey, but in novel writing this is not as yet the case." I should like to quote the whole of his introduction, which is really a stride toward the science and art of literary production. Among the stories selected are "Patience Griselda," "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," "Rip Van Winkle," Balzac's "A Passion in the Desert," "A Child's Dream of a Star," by Dickens; "The Great Stone Face," by Hawthorne; "The Gold Bug," by Poe; and others from Kipling, Barrie and Morrison. A delightful book, admirably published.

One more book lies on the Table, entitled "Uncle George's Letters to the Garcia Club," by George H. Allen, author of "A Commercial Pilgrim." This is certainly a very peculiar book, and not a bit the worse for that. It has the twang of a business man all through it. Mr. Allen went to China and the Philippine Islands, in part to examine the forests and study the timber interests of those islands. He wrote letters during his trip to a club of boys that he had organized for social and intellectual improvement, in the village of Clinton, N. Y. This club is a decided institution, and its organization is a hint to many a business man, as to his social duty. It is composed of twenty young Americans, and Mr. Allen himself, and has been in existence for about two years. "If in that time it has made no perceptible dent on mankind in general, it has kept the boys hustling to keep the enterprise going, and that achievement has been a benefit to the Garcia Club in particular. Fifty per cent of what the boys started out to do has been accomplished, which is a mighty good per cent, when you know boys." In my opinion the author was well warranted in putting his letters into a book form—which he would not have been if they had been written in the formal style of authors who lack business tact. The book is well illustrated and is what you may call both cute and instructive.

E. P. POWELL.

English Men of Letters.*

The new series of "English Men of Letters" made a good start with Sir Leslie Stephens' "George Eliot," and it goes on excellently well with Mr. Birrell's "William Hazlitt." This volume may be accepted as an agreeable incident of the Hazlitt revival which is now under way and is being signalized by a splendid new edition of Hazlitt's writings. Those disposed to question the pertinency of such a revival may find their judgment arrested by the fact that Walter Bagehot had a high opinion of Hazlitt—cared more for him than for Charles Lamb—as had also Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson, by the way, once meditated a life of Hazlitt, and, strangely enough, was deterred from writing it by the episode celebrated in Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris." That episode would not have deterred Stevenson's friend (?) Henley, who writes the introduction for the new edition and dwells on the "Liber Amoris" episode with much smacking of the lips. Stevenson was not a squeamish writer, but he liked a manly man, and there was in the "Liber Amoris" episode a savour of the flabby and invertebrate eroticism of Rousseau. Stevenson may have written a better life than Mr. Birrell's, but to have done so he must have written a very good book indeed.

This is, we believe, Mr. Birrell's first venture in extended biographical writing, but he has felt no call to change the methods he has heretofore pursued in sundry and diverse biographical sketches of pronounced ability. Here, as there, he is as much given to the quotation of long passages in illustration of one point or another. His chapter on Coleridge furnishes the most notable example, for there to one page of his own he gives sixteen of Hazlitt's, and they are some of his very best. Hazlitt's father was a Unitarian minister, who came to this country some ten years before Priestley, and would probably have remained here if Parson Gay, of Hingham, one of the early Unitarians, had died a little sooner. William was five years old when he came over and seven when he returned. Had he remained the beginnings of American literature might have been quite different and Washington Irving have had to look well to his laurels. In England, however, Hazlitt's predilection for literature was for a time inhibited by his desire to be a painter. After three months' study he went to Paris and copied eleven of the great masterpieces of the Louvre. He knew what the best was, if he could not attain to it, and apparently he despaired of doing this when he abandoned art for literature in 1805.

* "William Hazlitt". By Augustine Birrell. New York. The Macmillan Compaay. 1902.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Birrell through the multitudinous details of Hazlitt's literary career. They are agreeably set forth with many expressions of casual admiration, but with too little general estimate. We expect more of this when we come to the last chapter, "Character and Genius," but it is all about Hazlitt's character, with nothing about his genius whatsoever. After all, it is personality in literature that constitutes its principal attraction, and Hazlitt's personality is repellent. Even his foibles have not the charm of Lamb's and Dr. Johnson's and some others. In his work there was a certain lack of sincerity. Always bent upon effective expression, the objective was habitually subordinated to the subjective in his mind and work. Things were not reported as they happened, but as they should have happened; nor even as they were, but as it suited Hazlitt to have them appear and act. As for his style, it was no doubt very brilliant, but it has too much of the hard glitter of Macaulay's, little of the tender glow of Charles Lamb's or Montaizne's playful ease. It is, however, very good to return to him with Mr. Birrell for our guide, and not a few will feel at the last page that they have much more knowledge and acquaintance of him in his writings at first hand. J. W. C.

Prof. Pearson's Book on Jesus.*

The "Carpenter Prophet," Professor Charles W. Pearson's argument against the dogmatic traditionalism which stifles thought in our colleges, is a book already well known to the readers of UNITY. It is a very refreshing challenge to obscurantism, and it is to be hoped that its courage and candor may help many other college officers to give up their tongue-tied subserviency and enjoy the utterance of their real views. The spirit of the book is given at the outset: "The argument of this book is that all the superhuman powers attributed to Jesus, whether by the enthusiasm of disciples, by the imagination of poets, or by the self-interest of priests, are untrue, and if they are untrue it follows as a matter of course that they are hurtful. God is the God of truth and man become godlike in proportion as he knows and obeys the truth." The book may also help many of the good people of the church to see that genuine piety and religious enthusiasm are not lost when the humanitarian view of Jesus is accepted. The writer's frankness and ardor and bright, interesting style deserve the success of popularity.

The contents of the book are nothing new and novel. Doubtless they are somewhat new to Professor Pearson and they have made a painful novelty to the circle in the midst of which the book was written. The result is, however, only one more popular presentation of Jesus as a man, a prophet, and a teacher, with the wrappings of dogmatic tradition stripped away. The treatment of miracles as incredible and superfluous elements is sensible and cogent. The question in its simplest form, says Professor Pearson, is whether we are to believe the teaching of modern science about the uniformity of natural laws, or, for the sake of legends, to believe that those laws are intermittent. "It is as necessary to make this intellectual, as to make any moral, choice." Let us hope that the ardor of this religious appeal may aid many to adopt with satisfaction to the heart the truth which commends itself to the reason.

The sub-title explains the plan of the work. It is a life of Jesus and a discussion of his ideals. It would seem, however, that the discussion and justification to counter prejudices has absorbed the author more than exact determination of historical data, and it is to be regretted that such a bold attack on tradition should have a rather flimsy coat of armor on. A reformative critic must be sure of his principles of criticism. Let us take an instance where Professor Pearson supports tradition. Many of us believe that the Magnificat is a Jewish poem in a Christian reduction. Professor Pearson holds that Mary was the poet: "If the eternal evidence that it is actually her composition is not in itself sufficient, it is confirmed by the fact that her son was so great a poet, and according to the common law of heredity he derived his mental character chiefly from his mother." This is certainly a short and easy method and we are prepared to find the greater problems of the life of Jesus handled with light superficiality. In general the Synoptics are the sources used, but occasionally some moral or rhetorical interest has allowed the insertion of data from the Fourth Gospel. The same eclectic uncritical manner appears in the use made of the Synoptics themselves. The Baptism is presented on the basis of Matthew without any perception of the difficulties involved. The conceptions of Messiah and the kingdom of God are treated with an easy modern homiletic construction which neglects both the actual data of the Synoptics and the historical problems that lie behind them. Professor Pearson calls his book *The Carpenter Prophet;* but he conceives Jesus as entering Jerusalem in the role of a Messiah. "He encouraged the people to shout hosannas to him." According to Professor Pearson Jesus during these last days in Jerusalem claimed to be the Messianic King of Israel. The incredibility of this is, however, diminished by treating the Messianic office as simply that of a prophet endeavoring to reform the ceremonialism of the temple. In carrying out this conception much injustice is done to the leaders of the Jewish nation without a basis of historical knowledge or the result of a lucid explanation of the great tragedy.

The book ought justly to have a liberating and inspiring effect on minds that need to be awakened from dogmatic slumber and on such as are victims of compromise and self-suppression, yet as a life of Jesus it is wholly inadequate and must speedily drop from sight. FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

Jena, Germany.

*The Carpenter Prophet, A Life of Jesus Christ and a Discussion of His Ideals. By Charles William Pearson. Herbert S. Stone & Co. Chicago and New York, 1902. pp. IX. 288.

Quick Coat Making.

A piece of work performed on this date eighty-nine years ago could hardly be beaten today with all the improvements of machinery that has gone on during the intervening years.

In 1811, Sir John Throckmorton, a Berkshire baronet, offered to wager 1,000 guineas that at 8 o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well woven, well dyed, well made suit, the wool of which formed the fleece on sheeps' backs at 5 o'clock on that same morning. The wager was accepted, achievement of such an undertaking seeming impossible.

At 5 o'clock in the morning of the 28th of June, Sir John caused two Southdown sheep to be shorn. The wool, we read, was washed, carded, stubbed, roved, spun and woven. The cloth was scoured, fulled, tented, raised, sheared, dyed and dressed. The tailor was at hand and made up the finished cloth into garments, and at a quarter past 6 in the evening Sir John Throckmorton sat down to dinner at the head of his guests in a complete damson-colored suit which had thus been just made—winning his wager, with an hour and three-quarters to spare.

Of course, every possible preparation had been made beforehand. But the achievement was remarkable, and it was, we are told, long talked of with pride among the clothiers.—*The Christian Life.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.
MON.—God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.
TUES.—The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.
WED.—Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts.
THURS.—Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor.
FRI.—Let no man deceive himself. Why dost thou glory? What hast thou that thou didst not receive?
SAT.—By the grace of God I am what I am.

—THE APOSTLE PAUL.

The Boyless Town.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise:
"The town would be so pleasant, you know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead;
And then of a sudden the town grew still,
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy in view;
The baseball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make one blue—
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners made;
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day:
Why should they bark or leap?
There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and rein;
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste,
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy—but one—
To speed as such messengers can:
If people wanted their errands done,
They sent for a messenger-man!

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise:
There was less of cheer and mirth.
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream.
"Dear me," she cried, "I've been asleep;
And, oh, what a horrid dream!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Talk With Grandma.

One day Alice came running to her grandmother. "Oh, Grandma," she said, "look at this picture. Isn't this a queer kind of dress, not at all like mine?"

Her grandmother looked at the picture and I am sure that you have all seen it. Then she said to Alice: "Do you think people always wore clothes like ours? No; they did not know how to make them. They wore a sheepskin, or else the skin of some animal."

"Oh," said Alice, "do you remember how Nokomis made Hiawatha a blanket of deerskin?"

"Yes," said Grandma, "for Hiawatha lived where there were many animals.

"Some people did not have the animals' skins. What do you think they could make their clothes from? I will tell you. They kept their eyes open and used what they could find near them. Can you guess what it was? They made their clothes from barks of trees and from the leaves.

"Those people who lived so long ago did not know how to use their hands. After awhile they learned to use their fingers more and to think. They gathered grasses and wild rice and plaited them into blankets and dresses."

"Oh," cried Alice, "I know where some long grasses grow. Please, Grandma, wait until I get them." She was soon back and grandma showed her how to plait them.

"I think that is nicer than wearing skins and leaves," laughed Alice. Does any one wear such queer dresses now?"

"Yes," answered her grandmother. "Some people who live where it is very warm still wear dresses made of plaited grasses. I also know a little girl," smiled grandma, "who wears something made from the braided grass."

Alice knew by the twinkle in grandma's eye that she was talking about her. "I never can guess what it is then," laughed Alice. "I haven't anything made of grass."

Grandma smiled and said: "Well, I shall let you find out for yourself. Keep your eyes wide open and I think you will know."

Can you guess what it was?—*The Child Garden.*

Making Children Happy.

Our quiet hours with our children should first of all be cheerful hours. Sydney Smith has said: "If you make children happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it." I believe this to be quite true. We should make the hours with our children full of joy, then twenty years from now we, too, can recall how happy they were, how we heard their merry voices and watched them play, and we can look with pride on our children whom we loved and who went to "Grown-up land." Then, too, the quiet hours with our children should be loving hours. How much the small touches of a mother's love mean to the child! Even if it is only a whisper to your son as he starts to school, "Remember, mother is thinking about you all day and expecting you to be a good boy," how much better the effect of such a farewell than to hurry him away with some sharp and nervous rebuke.—*Exchange.*

A Prayer.

Father of our spirits, strength of our strength, life of our life! take our weak hands in thine, that we may be strong; guide our uncertain and wandering steps, that we go not astray; heal our pains and sorrows with thy touch; speak to us in our lonely hours, that we may know that thou art always near; give us courage and strength to resist evil and do thy will all the days of our life; and when the end of earth shall come, receive us into thy eternal joy and peace. In all we do we would serve thee faithfully; in life and in death we would trust thee perfectly. Amen.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

A Meadow Song.

The wind across the meadow blows
And all the grass is like a sea:
Wave after wave its green tide flows,
And breaks in fragrance over me.

Above, the bright-winged butterfly
Flutters upon an aimless quest,
And now and then from out the sky
A weary bird drops down to rest.

There is no sound save of the grass,
The whispers of the waves' long sweep;
Listen and hear them as they pass—
A murmur—*Hush*—a murmur—*Sleep.*

—*Exchange.*

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme—have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our own wills.—*Shakespeare.*

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JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.

FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Hiram W. Thomas.	Jane Addams.	John W. Chadwick.
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REV. JASPER L. DOUTHIT, MANAGER.

Program for August 17-24, 1902.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 17.

11 a. m.—Service and Sermon, Rev. John S. Cook, D. D.
2 p. m.—Address: "Social Purity," Mrs. Leonora M. Lake.
4 p. m.—Vesper Service, Rev. A. L. T. Ewert.
8 p. m.—Recital: "The Search for the Holy Grail," Bertha Kunz-Baker.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18.

11 a. m.—Address: "Physical Culture as Related to Health," U. G. Fletcher.
2 p. m.—Dramatic Recital: "Nance Oldfield," Bertha Kunz-Baker.
8 p. m.—Dramatic Entertainment: "Esmeralda," by C. E. Kemp and Assembly Talent.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 19.

11 a. m.—Address: "Anecdotes of the Men of the Sixties," Hon. W. R. Jewell.
2 p. m.—Addresses: Hon. H. J. Hamlin, Senator William E. Mason, or U. S. Attorney Clark J. Tisdel.
8:30 p. m.—Stereopticon views for half hour, George H. Sahlin.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20.

11 a. m.—Address: "Wealth," Rev. Fred V. Hawley.
2 p. m.—Concert and Recital, The Kaffir Boy Choir.
8 p. m.—Concert and Recital: The Kaffir Boy Choir.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21.

11 a. m.—Farmers' Institute—Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. Mingle and others.
2 p. m.—Addresses: Prof. Rankin, A. B. Hostetter and others.
8 p. m.—Stereopticon Lecture: "Washington, the Man and the City," George H. Sahlin.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22.

11 a. m.—Address: "The Good Old Times," Hon. W. R. Jewell.
2 p. m.—Concert and Entertainment, Aurora Male Quartet.
8 p. m.—Musical Entertainment, by J. Walter Wilson and Assembly Talent.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23.

11 a. m.—Lecture: "Geology of Lithia Springs," W. D. Richardson.
2 p. m.—Informal Entertainment by Assembly Talent.
8 p. m.—Stereopticon Lecture: "Some Old American Churches and Their Famous Ministers," Jasper L. Douthit.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24.

11 a. m.—Service and Sermon, Rev. Richard W. Boynton.
2 p. m.—Sermon: "The Synthesis of Religion," Jenkin Lloyd Jones.
4 p. m.—Vesper Service, Fred V. Hawley.
8 p. m.—Stereopticon Lecture: "Religious Art and Artists," George H. Sahlin.

Foreign Notes.

SUNDAY REST FOR JOURNALISTS.—The Italian press association recently organized a referendum on the subject of Sunday rest. Of its 315 members, 161 responded, 158 voting in favor of absolute rest—no publication of papers on Sunday. This result will be duly reported to the parliamentary committee on the subject of Sunday rest.

Apropos of this question, the well known *Journal de Geneve* sets a laudable example. Some years ago this paper started a special Monday issue, devoted particularly to literature and prepared for the most part days in advance. This innovation was much appreciated by readers of the *Journal;* but some objections were raised by zealous advocates of the Sunday rest movement on the ground that it was necessary for certain workers on the paper to put in some night work between Saturday and Sunday and again after 9 o'clock Sunday evening, which the public interests did not really demand.

This extra work was well paid for, and, furthermore, the workers were so organized into relays that those who did this Sunday work had other long periods of rest by way of compensation, and accepted the situation without any thought of complaint against the management.

Yet there was here a certain infraction of the spirit of the federal law regarding Sunday observance which might at any time prove to be farreaching in its consequences, and was naturally not a little disturbing to friends of the law and the cause. Realizing this, the *Journal* recently published a concise explanation and announced that hereafter the Monday issue would appear a few hours later, and that all Sunday work on it would be abolished.

"This excellent step," says the *Signal de Geneve*, "which will doubtless not be taken without occasioning the *Journal* some passing material inconvenience, will not by any means diminish the public esteem for this publication, but quite the contrary. Here is one more instance to prove that where there is really a will there can surely be found a way to harmonize the demands of justice and self-interest rightly understood."

A FEMININE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN 1877.—The question of the woman typographer seems to be quite a live issue in the Swiss unions and elsewhere, so the *Signal de Geneve*, which may generally be found on the woman's side in any such matter, doubtless enjoyed publishing the following item for the benefit of those "who consider the creation of a feminine printing establishment as a Utopia or as the abomination of desolation."

When the Meyrueis printing house ceased to exist the printing of the historical and literary bulletin of the Society for the History of French Protestantism was confided to Mr. Emile Martinet.

"The establishment founded by him at Puteaux," says the *Bulletin* of January, 1877, "under a protestant committee, had a special claim on our sympathies. In one large room, with nothing to disturb its almost religious seclusion, and penetrated by floods of air and light, fifty-eight young girls belonging to our faith practice not unsuccessfully the art of Etienne and De Tournes, and earn by their daily work a competence wisely laid by for the future."

MORE INDIAN THOUGHTS ON THE CORONATION.—Looking over some of UNITY'S exchanges on the eve of the second day set for King Edward's coronation, I note in *New India* a subtly satirical editorial on the relation of educated Indians to that ceremonial.

"Complaints have been made," says the editor, "of the way in which the great educated classes in India have been treated by the authorities in connection with the king-emperor's coronation in London. But we do not see any reason why our educated countrymen should at all take it to heart that none of their true representatives should have been invited to London. * * *

"What have the educated classes to do with the coronation? A coronation is, after all, only a pageant and a show; and it is one of the chief functions of education to lift people above these costly vanities. Educated men may recognize their value for the multitude; and may, like Lord Curzon himself, from high and imperial motives, help to boss the business; but they have, strictly speaking, no place in the show itself. Educated India in its sober colors would seem simply shabby by the side of the barbaric splendors of this princely pageant.

"These shows and tamasas belong to lower stages and are needed for the masses, the uneducated many, in every society and civilization. They are very popular just now in England. The old, solid, serious, sober Puritan England exists no more. The fevered frenzy of a foolish imperialism has got hold of her nerves and degeneration has set in all along the line. There is an unusual hankering after color and action in the public mind in England at the present time. The English stage remembers Shakespeare now, through "King John" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Sir Henry Irving, its greatest representative, is playing the role of Robespierre on a stage crowded with over two hundred actors. In art and in literature this general decline is equally pronounced.

"When public tastes demand barbaric splendors more than sober sentiment, a function which is essentially of the nature of a pageant, must study that taste and seek to satisfy it, and the presence of the beshawled and besilked and bejeweled brown royalty from India in large numbers will at once satisfy popular taste, feed popular pride and inflame the imperialistic fervor. Educated India has naturally no place in this function."

M. E. H.

BEAUTY AND PLEASURE AS AN AID TO CONVALESCENCE.—Mme. Gevin-Cassal, in one of her letters to the *Signal de Geneve*, speaks feelingly of the inadequate provision in the way of convalescent hospitals or homes for poor children as

contrasted with all the care and opportunities lavished on the rich. She is speaking, of course, particularly of Paris, where these institutions "are so rare that scarcely one-fifth of the infantile population passing through the regular hospitals can be received in them and hence only the very feeblest are sent to them."

Great, therefore, was her satisfaction when one evening a doctor told her of the vote of the municipal council approving the plan for the construction of an asylum for convalescent children at Brévannes and appropriating the sum of $100,000 for the building. She lost no time the next day in following up the matter to learn further particulars as to the conditions or requirements that accompanied the vote, and proceeds to give them. They cover not merely the general plan, but treat specifically such points as the location of stairways, water closets, bathrooms, storerooms for soiled linen, the number of cots in each pavilion, the amount of floor space and number of cubic feet of air alloted to each cot, the expenditure for construction, material and site respectively.

The garden, too, was taken into the account quite satisfactorily, and in general the assurance was given that beauty as well as utility was to be considered in the erection of this institution. On one point, however, Mme. Gevin-Cassal could get no light, and that precisely one in which she felt most interest, the question, namely, whether the walls were to be plain or decorated. On this point she says:

"While I should be the first to blame the erection of an expensive building, one in which the cost of construction was so great as to diminish the number of cots, I would also be the first—all sentimentality aside—to demand the abolition of the usual sepulchral bareness of the walls of our hospitals, a bareness which exerts a most depressing influence on the sick, as I have reason to know from the confidences of many of them."

She cites the case of one poor woman who had already spent considerable time in a certain hospital on account of some grave throat trouble. Feeling another attack of the malady coming on, she wished to return to the institution, but this time by some administrative formality she was to be sent to a different one. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I do not want to go to Beaujon. Those bare, cold walls make me feel as if I were already in my grave, while at Broca in the hall of oranges it is like paradise. One's eyes follow the lovely painted garlands, and just seeing the fruits and leaves seemed to me to lessen my fever, from which I suffered so!"

"Broca," continues Mme. Cassal, "is wonderful in its installation. At once scientific and luxurious. Pozzi, the great surgeon, dreamed out this hospital, attractive to the last degree, because he recognizes beauty as a curative agent. On its walls are dreams of floral beauty in clear tints, handled with tender feeling; reams executed by such brushes as those of Dubrufe and Clairin. The Hugier room, referred to by the poor woman above mentioned, and of which others have often spoken to me with admiration and gratitude, is, in fact, all brightness and soothing repose; the decorations representing orange trees laden with golden fruit, which are scattered around it, linger in the memory of every sick person who has ever been there."

While Mme. Cassal was on this subject, she might well have said something of that other form of weariness and torture arising, not from bare walls, but from unsuccessful attempts to modify the bareness. Who cannot recall the baleful obtrusiveness and fascination of some ugly wall paper, compelling one to count or to calculate the repetitions of its design, or the irritation caused by some unfortunate picture or other would-be decoration? But perhaps these things are less common in France and in public institutions than elsewhere.

Mme. Cassal contends that if adults are so susceptible to emotional influences that aid or retard restoration to health, little children are still more sensibly affected by them, and cites the case of a feverish wee laddie whom a visitor to the hospital found crying inconsolably and begging to go back to his mother. Seating herself beside him the visitor succeeded at last in interesting him, so that he asked to listen to her watch and see the hands go round. "Would you like to have a watch of your own, Jamie?" she asked him. To his delighted affirmation she answered that she would bring him one if he were quiet and went to sleep: "Really and truly?" was the eager question. "Yes, really and truly. I am going now to get it and tomorrow I will bring it to you, but only if nurse tells me you stopped crying and slept like a good boy." The promise worked better than medicine. The little one was soon asleep and next day plainly on the road to full recovery.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW NATION.—The following words of comparison and commendation are from the columns of the *Indian Messenger* of June 8:

"Side by side with the extinction of the two brave Boer nations, the world witnessed the establishment of a new kingdom on the other side of the Atlantic, which has received rather scant attention. Three weeks ago Senor Palma was inaugurated president of the republic of Cuba amid great rejoicings. Mr. Wood, the American governor hauled down the stars and stripes with his own hand, and then sailed for America with all the American officials—a spectacle worthy of gods, rare in the history of our planet. People admire the simplicity and self-effacement of a Fabius, of a Scipio, but the national magnanimity and disinterestedness which the United States has shown in Cuba deserve homage of all nations. And in the light of this event, how ugly would appear the conduct of other nations! America has uniformly followed a higher international ethics. May God preserve her from the folly and the fever of imperialism! All cynics were agreed in laying to the credit of the United States the only disinterested act, in their opinion, ever performed by any nation—the slave-liberation war. Now they will acknowledge that she has done another undoubtedly disinterested act."

Some will doubtless feel that this is more unqualified praise than the facts will really justify, but such expressions should serve at least to hold up to us our own ideals and show what others expect of us. M. E. H.

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